

# Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

## H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### TERMS:

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ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

### THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens cull'd with care."

### FAME.

BY 'NIX.'

A bright intangibility is fame:  
A something undefined, a dream of man's—  
'Tis but an empty bubble of his brain—  
And yet it rules that mighty engine, mind,  
O, man! thou little knowest of the power  
That from thy vain conception, springs  
when thou  
Didst on thy soul's high altar rear a god,  
Engendered thyself! Hadst thou but  
seen  
The fearful storm of sorrow, toil and  
care  
Which hung around, when in thy impious  
thought  
Thou bow'd'st in worship to the sacrifice  
Of thy ambitious heart—In that dark hour,  
O! hadst thou turned from such idolatry,  
And worship Him, the only living God,  
Though hadst escaped the feverish care  
which now—  
Like lava from the burning crater—bliss  
Where'er it falls, Ah! 'tis a fatal care,  
Attendant on the ambition to be famed,  
The natural beauty of the heart decays  
Beneath its withering influence, and the  
thirst  
For dazzling fame drinks up its pure fountains,  
And where the waters of a holy love  
'Were wont to irrigate with heavenly  
thoughts  
Man's god-like mind, this luring, toil-won  
fame  
Falls with its fatal blight, and then its green  
And beautiful freshness dies and there re-  
mains  
An arid, burning waste.

It is said there is a man in Horford, who  
walks so fast that he puts his shadow out of  
breath to keep up with him.

Who was the first unfortunate speculator?  
Joshua for he got coked in.

Evils in the Journey of Life are like the  
bills which alarm travellers upon the roads,  
they may appear great at a distance, but  
when we approach them we find they are  
far less formidable than we had conceived.

### MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN.

'Col. W. is a fine looking man, ain't he?' said a friend of ours the other day.  
'Yes replied another, 'I was taken for him once.'  
'You! why you are as ugly as sin!'  
'I don't care for that; I was taken for him—I endorsed his note and was taken for him by the Sheriff!'

### PROMISING PUPILS.

'Caleb, spell Aaron.'  
'Great A little e - a - o - n - r - o - n.'  
'Very well, I should see if you can spell "Little Sister".'  
'Yes, sir, I can spell little country.'  
'Yes - w - e -'  
'Go up head.'

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Evening Post.  
**THE LITTLE BOUND GIRL.**

BY ANN E. PORTER.

What a pleasant boarding place for a teacher, thought I, as the stage stopped before Squire Wilson's house. It was a two-story white building, the yard in front was neatly fenced and ornamented with rose bushes and lilacs. A clemsist twined over the porch, as if eager to share a well as make domestic love, had ambitiously twined to the chamber window and mingled its tendrils with the snow white curtain. I had engaged to teach the young ladies' department of the village academy during the summer. I was weary with the dust and heat of a summer day's journey, and until the moment of arrival knew not what kind of a home had been provided for me. The outside promised well, and with happy anticipations I knocked at the door. The summons was immediately answered by a girl, ten years of age, whose appearance formed some contrast of the tawny picture in my mind of what the indwellers would be. Her dress was the coarsest homespun gingham, and that was protected by a brown, soiled apron. The feet were bare, and her hands bore traces of hard labor. I felt a momentary disappointment, but a second glance interested me in the child. Woman-like, had regarded the dress without observing the countenance; now I perceived a complexion delicate as the lily, and a pair of those dark melting blue eyes so rarely met with.—Her dark brown hair was smoothly combed and parted over a very white forehead. I had time for no further observation, for at that moment Mrs. Wilson stepped into the entry and bade me welcome.

'We have been expecting you for some days, Miss Marsh, and had feared some accident had happened to you. I am delighted that you have arrived.—you must be tired and hungry. Here, Jane,' said she, 'don't stand looking at the stage; take the lady's bonnet and shawl into the front chamber, and then set the table for supper.'

I was immediately at home in the little parlor, and ensconced in a comfortable rocking chair by an open window which commanded a view of the beautiful village. I was already laying plans for rambling and botanizing. My hostess, whose appearance indicated the bustling, notable house-wife, had excused herself, and to some good purpose, I thought, as I perceived the fragrance of butter, & heard sundry orders for cheese, cake and tart.

At table I met with the members of the family. Mr. Wilson was a man of gentlemanly address, but somewhat inferior in size, with a piercing black eye, and hair and whiskers of the same color.

'I am glad you have arrived, said he, & I trust you would not be here in time for the school, which commences to-morrow.'

There was nothing objectionable in the words, but there was something in the accent and tone which seemed to imply that he was a man of consequence, and circumstances must be controlled by his will. There were two children, daughters rather, overdressed for the time and place, but nevertheless fine looking girls, the older however disgusted me at first sight.

As we seated ourselves I observed one plate was vacant, and being aware of the custom in Vermont for all the members of the family to sit at the same table, I looked for little Jane, but in her seat came the hired man, and I saw no more of the little girl until I went to my room for the night.

She then brought me a pitcher of fresh water, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping, and her step was like one tired with hard labor.

'Is there anything else you wish?' said she timidly, and with a half averted look.

'If you think you are strong enough I would like to have you help me to remove the feather bed, I see there is a mattress beneath it. Whether there was interest ex-

pressed in the tones of my voice, or sympathy in my countenance, I know not, but her face brightened as she answered, 'Oh, yes, ma'am, I often get it off & on again all alone.'

As she left me I sat down to think over the events of the day and plan for the future, but in all my thoughts, the sad sweet face of the little girl intruded. Can it be possible, though I, that in this family, where there is abundance of the comforts and luxuries of life, & where the inmates have been bred among the freedom loving, noble hearted people of Vermont, there should be one member overtasked and oppressed?

It was easy to divine her situation.—She was what we term a *bound girl*. The old worn slave in South Carolina, the half starved English operative, and the degraded Russian serf, all have their defenders—yes, more, thousands are expended, tears are shed, and lives of good men are devoted to the holy task of enlightening the oppressor and raising the poor and the oppressed. But I think it is no exaggeration to state that the condition of above named classes is not so trying and oppressive as that of a helpless child bound to cruel mistress. True there is a limit to their hard service. Eighteen and twenty-one are the year of jubilee, the long looked for time when they go forth into the world, freed from their bitter thralldom, it is true, but without a father's gift or a mother's blessing, and in many instances the mind had been so fettered, and the spirits so crushed by degradation, that the task of making one's way in the world becomes doubly difficult. I have now an instance in my mind of a girl I met when she was but eight years of age, bright, strong and healthy.

She was bound to a hard hearted, imperious woman, whose pretty acts of cruelty, including hard blows upon the head and incessant labor, so afflicted her, that when I saw her again at the end of ten years—when she would have been a woman, an intellect and physical strength—she was as imbecile as a child, stupid in her movements and so careless and destitute of ambition, that her services were scarcely worth her board'. There are others, I am aware, buoyancy of spirits can never be depressed and to whom God himself has given a patient of nobility which will never be yielded out with life. I believed and hoped that that this was in some measure the case with Jane. There was a graceful agile little form, unaccustomed to those rude garments, and her countenance was indicative of far more intellect than the daughters of her mistress. But the child found little leisure to cultivate her natural gifts. Mrs. Wilson was one of those busy country house-wives who pride themselves upon doing a great deal of work. She had no help in the kitchen excepting Jane, and there the child was kept from the first table, clothed in the cast off garments of the daughters, allowed no privileges, except that of going to Sunday school and one half of each Sunday, to church, and these to be, were privileges indeed. The white muslin dress, of the youngest daughter had fallen to her, together with an old cottage straw bonnet the latter she had contrived to whiten and press with her own hands, and for some services which she had done me I had given her a yard or two of blue ribbon. With these articles she made her toilet, she needed no more—nature had done the rest. And when she took her seat in the Sunday school room on Sunday morning, with the village children, not a sweeter face or a more gentle, teachable scholar could be found. And she looked so happy, for she had a kind teacher, and who loved the poor orphan. But when Sunday evening came she must go up to her little attic, lay aside her white dress, so becoming to her form and complexion, and don the old factory gingham and apron, for a fire must be made in the kitchen and tea prepared.

I arose one morning somewhat later than usual, and thinking there was not time for a morning walk, thought I would remain in my room until breakfast. I opened my window to inhale the fresh air, and the perfume of the rose and honey suckle, when I heard loud talking in the room. I thought I should have been followed, and I looked and saw Mrs. Wilson, and her daughter, and I exclaimed, 'Mercy on me, I exclaimed,

can they be whipping that little child?'

I had taught school five years, and in no one instance had I found the rod necessary in the government of pupils.—Love and affection had proved my most powerful auxiliaries in the training of children. So great was my aversion to this mode of management that I immediately lost my respect for the individual who could inflict it.

'You little lazy huzzy!' exclaimed the well known voice of Mrs. Wilson.—I have told you that I would whip you if you laid so late in bed—here for three mornings I have waited an hour for you. There, take that, and that!' said she, as she continued to apply the rod. I grew sick and faint and when called to breakfast my appetite was gone. Mrs. Wilson appeared all smiles and attention. Indeed it must be acknowledged that her daughters had improved rapidly—they played with much spirit and skill on the piano and were more studious at home. This fact had drawn a double share of kindness and attention from the parents towards myself.

'There is to be a great abolition meeting in the hall this evening,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'shall you attend?' addressing herself to me. 'I think not, Madam,' said I.

Mr. Wilson raised his eyes in astonishment and laying down his knife and fork said, with some animation—'Is it possible that you are not an abolitionist?'

'Perhaps not in the sense in which that word is generally understood,' I answered as I quietly broke an egg.

'I do not see,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'how any one who has the common feelings of humanity, can refrain from taking the part of poor down trodden slave.'

'How are they so cruelly oppressed, Mr. Wilson, can you explain?'

'Why, starved and beaten, and overworked like cattle, families separated, and I know not what, but we take Mr. Garrison's paper, and I will lend you the back files also Mr. Weil's great book full of horrid stories about slave holders.' I politely declined the loan of said books, much to the surprise and chagrin of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

When I returned from the school at noon there was an unusual bustle in the house, and evident preparation for a much larger dinner than usual. Mrs. Wilson, with a Martha looking face, careful and troubled about many dishes, came to my room to say that an itinerating lecturer, a colored man with some other friends, was in the parlor, and would take dinner with us. I suppose, of course, you will be willing to dine with him, for he has letters from a great many ministers & such men. But what I want is that you will sit down into the parlor and entertaining them, for I have a great deal to do.' That was a task I frequently performed for her but I now respectfully declined it, and remarked, that as I was busy with a scholar in my room I must be excused from dining with her visitors, but would take a seat at the second table with Jane. Mrs. Wilson looked surprised and perplexed; the hint was more than half taken. However it produced but little effect; Jane's situation was not materially improved, though I fancied that in my presence there was a little more kindness shown her. In the meantime I had become more and more interested in the child. She was frequently in my room and I had considerable conversation with her upon her present situation and future hopes. It seems ever mother was the daughter of a clergyman. She married a young gentleman who had followed the profession of teaching. They were poor, but frugal and industrious. A raging epidemic attacked the husband, and the wife whose constitution was naturally feeble, sank from the exposure of nursing him. She died the day following her husband. Their little daughter was but four years old at the time. A poor old kind neighbor took care of the child or some time, but being taken sick herself, she unwillingly resigned her charge to the authorities of the town, who brought her out to Mrs. Wilson. Jane remembered her mother's death, and cherished the memory of those days when she was the darling of fond parents.

'Oh, Miss Marsh, said she one day, you don't know how I loved you the first day you came, because you spoke so kindly to me your voice sounded like my sweet mother's.'

Her earnest desire was to study, that she might one day be capable of teaching. She blushed deeply as she expressed that wish, and added—

'You may think I am very aspiring, for a poor girl.'

I rather encouraged her desire, but somehow, as I looked into her beautiful face, I thought I read in it for her a brighter destiny. The only two books she owned were the Bible and 'Arabian Nights Entertainment, rather a singular library it must be acknowledged. The latter work was given her by the kind woman who took care of her, and it had been a rich source of amusement. Her bright blue eyes would gladden whenever she spoke of Aladdin's lamp, and she frequently did when none but myself presents.

One evening she brought a lamp, and wiping the dust from it as she placed it upon the table, remarked smilingly—

'What good fortune shall I rub up for you this evening?'

'A letter from my friends,' I carelessly added.

'Here it is,' said she, producing it from under her apron.

It was that very evening, and while I was yet reading the letter, that I heard a great commotion below. From the tone of Mrs. Wilson's voice, it was evident that she was very much excited, and I well knew upon whom her outbursts of wrath fell, to Jane she had unfortunately broken one or two nice dishes, and had some altercation with the daughters. They often reproached her for her poverty and bidding her to do the most menial offices for them.

'Here Jane,' said Jophy, one morning come and tie my shoes.'

'I think you had better wait upon your self,' she mildly answered.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when she received such a blow from the ladies foot as sent her reeling to the floor, while the laughing little Miss Jophy asked,

'What does mother keep you for but to wait upon us?'

The first impulse of Jane was to rise and return the blow with interest, but recalling the last Sunday's lesson, 'Resist not evil,' she silently walked into the kitchen to weep there.

These, and other circumstances combined, had made in an unpleasant week for the child. She had become discouraged and indifferent; she received no praise for good conduct, but severe censure for the least fault.

Jane had a fine ear for music and a sweet voice. Now and then, when about her work, she would sing like a bird in a May morning. Mr. Wilson had purchased an elegant piano for his daughter; it stood in the parlor, and instruction books, were almost always lying upon it. It seems that Jane had found more, when the family were absent, to teach herself the rudiments. Mrs. Wilson had once found her there, and in her penalty of a severe punishment had forbidden her to touch the instrument again. But so great was her desire to play that she went on in the absence of Mrs. Wilson at evening, to go in and play.

Thinking she heard some one coming she arose, and in her haste overturned a large glass lamp, filled with oil, upon the new green carpet, and upset the music books, the offence to the notable Mrs. Wilson was unpardonable. Jane confessed her fault most humbly—she was conscious of disobedience; but there was no mercy for the bound girl. Mrs. Wilson took her roughly by the shoulder and shook her until the child could scarcely recover her breath. In the morning she was not visible, and from some conversation between Jophy and her sister I gathered that she had been banished to the cellar and there locked up all night. I retired to my room and there wept like a child. To be any longer witness to the degradation of such a child I could not—to quit the house myself would be no relief to her.

The school bell rang and I went forth to my daily task, not exactly with the feelings of Cowper when he prayed for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where the humor of oppression and deceit might never reach him, but breathing this prayer, 'Father, I pray not thou shouldst take me out of the world, but give me the power to remedy some of the evils.'

About half way on my road to school stood a blacksmith's shop, Mr. Kilbourn was almost always at his forge, and I frequently paused to admire the strength of that brawny as it wielded the heavy hammer with the ease of a child handling his playthings. Moreover his fine and manly countenance, so indicative of benevolence, was well worth stopping to look at. I always wanted to catch a glance of him in a cloudy day—it seemed so like a gleam of sunlight. He was full of humor too, and those large blue eyes looked often as if full of merriment. He was one of those happy characters that make the most of life's blessings and the least of its troubles.—He walked a little lame.

I seldom think of his gait but I recall the circumstances that caused its peculiarity. By some accident he cut off two of his toes upon his right foot.—Thinking Dr. Parker, a surgeon who lived some six or eight miles distant could mend them as easily as she could mend a broken gridiron, he wrapped them up carefully and laid them on a little shelf in his shop. With some difficulty he found up his foot, made ready his horse and buggy and started off full speed for the Doctor. When arrived, he made known his errand, and the kind physician, bidding him be seated, proceeded to examine the mutilated member. 'Oh! do the best I can for you,' said he, 'where are the toes?' The thick muslin in one pocket they were not there, in the other they were not then bursting into a loud laugh he exclaimed—'Fith, I've left them on the shelf, all my pack on 'em. Never mind, it's not worth while to return for them; do up my foot a good as you can and I'll go home.'

This evening as I returned home, I stepped into his shop in some errand relating to a iron tube belonging to the Oneida room. Little Jane had just come with some stitches in a muslin that had been mended. Her eyes were red and swollen—she looked sick and pale and her step was feeble. She avoided me and said nothing, to her then doing my errand, Kilbourn took a moment, and in the next was upon his face, and left there those expressive eyes of his there was a fine of the great mirth, but two years had faded away through upon his cheeks. 'There was a piece—and then, as if going through a mill, he said, 'I believe I must speak and I think I have not mistaken you if I say you will not betray me.' That promise I have removed from my shoes, by my means. I would complain to the village men of the town; but I suppose nothing can be proved against the faculty, and should you lose my credit, and my business too—for Wilson is the richest and most influential man in the village. And he is a peevish, and his wife so exacting. And no help will stay with them; now they have managed to have this child bound to them, and there is no way of getting her from them. Our ministers will be willing to save to procure her, but Mrs. Wilson says she is now getting old enough to pay her way and she shall not part with her. 'Can't you do something?' said he, impatiently, and added, 'I love her parents and for her fathers sake I would be willing to run some risk myself.—I replied,—perhaps Mrs. Wilson can be induced to treat her more kindly.' 'Do you see that sort of iron?' added he, well, by the aid of fire and the strength of my own I can fashion and mould it to my shape I can put that woman's heart into my hands and my mind and I might work like a slave until it would be a hard hearted.' 'Well, Mr. Kilbourn, perhaps something can be done at least will try for I love the child.'

On my return, the same letter that I had received the evening before lay upon the table. It was from a beloved sister and I sat down to read it again.

'We have lost,' she says, 'our dear babe, our only child—I am very lonely and shall accompany my husband in his next voyage to Europe. He has business in Havre, which will detain him some months.'

Here, then, was a chance for little Jane.—Why could not my sister take her as a companion—she has no children, and means sufficient; it will be no amusement to train so gentle a disposition. But how to bring it about I knew not. I was certain Mrs. Wilson not only for assistance, but with a determination to have her own way, would not let the child go.